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self by the publication of the *Caledonia*, has been at the pains to sift the wheat of Junius, and carefully present to the public the few withered grains he found. Yet, I believe, every admirer of sound argument, elegance with ease, and energy without harshness, will admire Junius, when the dull, uninteresting laboriousness of the plodding antiquary shall be forgotten.

You will infer from this, that I differ from both. I certainly conceive Mr. Boyd not to have been Junius—not because, with his son, I think he could have written better; nor because, with A.P., I should suppose him incapable, but because, from what *little* I have seen of his writings, and from what I have heard of him, I suppose him to have possessed a different style in expression—so very different, as would seem to bespeak a mind of an entirely dissimilar mould, one that could not even assume an appearance so unlike itself.

Whoever Junius was, he certainly wrote with *all his heart*; and it must be almost an impossibility for any one, writing in the ardour of his feelings, to constrain himself in the expression, and still retain the tone of nature so plain in what Junius has left. On comparison of all I have read on the subject, no one seems to me, in what remains of his expressions, to approach so near the sharp-edged energy of the letters, as Lord Chatham.

If your last correspondent can advance any proof that Mr. Boyd is the *real* author, he may assure himself of the thanks of many an anxious inquisitive. But if he means to go into a mere investigation of Mr. Boyd's ability to have produced such a work, I am apprehensive he will fail in exciting much interest.

Yours, &c.

WARDEN.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

IN my statement of the Optical experiment with the sparrow's feather, published in your Magazine for February, I was in error when I stated, that a chicken's feather would answer the purpose as well as a sparrow's. I find, on more minute examination, that it does not exhibit all the primitive colours, as the sparrow's is found to do.

I am, &c.

Armagh.

J.S.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

SKETCH OF CLONMEL.

WHILE we stretch our gaze to a distance, to admire the beauties of nature, of art, or of those more worthy objects of admiration, the deeds of benevolence, we forget that we meet them at home, and glance hastily over what has a stronger claim to our attention, and affords a better opportunity of imitation. These reflections naturally arise, while I contemplate the ancient town of Clonmel, the adjoining scenery, and the pursuits of its inhabitants. The name of this town Spenser has honoured in his *Fairy Queen*, when he describes the rivers of Ireland attending the marriage of the Thames and the Medway. Spenser was a native of this country, otherwise, I suppose, our rivers would have remained

“By fame neglected, and unknown to song.”

After describing the spring at the foot of the mountain of Slieve Bloom, from which issue the Suir, Nore, and Barrow, he introduces,

“The gentle Suir, which making way
By sweet Clonmel, adorns rich Watersford.”

The valley in which Clonmel lies is called the Golden Vale; its beauty and fertility deserve the title. Part of the town-wall remains, and one gate, preserved by the houses built over and on each side of it. This is called the West Gate; and the buildings beyond it are called the Irish-town.

The entrance into Clonmel from Dublin is very wide, adorned by good houses, and little disgraced by dwellings which bespeak abject poverty, which, I believe, benevolence assisting industry, has, or will, or would banish from this vicinity, if vicious or idle habits did not counteract these virtues in some degree. The main-street is wide and long; and shops which would not disgrace the metropolis of Ireland appear on each side. A few of the very old houses are not yet taken down; these are mostly built of frame-work. The church is an old building, and the burying-ground surrounded by fine trees. The Gothic character is well preserved. The quay offers a scene agreeable to the commercial eye, while rural beauties open on the other side of the river in the county of Waterford. Here the mountains rise almost immediately from the bank, somewhat abruptly, and to a great height. On the side of one is a Druid's altar. Some of these mountains, cultivated to their tops, bear on their sides a variety of verdure, according to the produce of the different inclosures; and also roads winding along the sides, enlivened by passengers, and sheltered by trees. Others bid defiance to the plough, and rise in sullen pride.

Some islands lie on the bosom of the Suir; on the largest are several mills, and some very good dwelling-houses, one of which is a boarding-school for the female children of Quakers. Behind the garden of this house, a beautiful field ends in

the point which terminates the island, and on this point grows an old large willow, which has a fine effect. This field is surrounded by trees of different kinds, which screen the children, sporting in the hours of relaxation, from the inquisitive gaze of the passing multitude.

Near the town is the Charter-school, an old establishment. At the entrance from Dublin are the horse and foot barracks, extensive, commodious, and handsome buildings. The wealth of the inhabitants is not only discernable in splendid houses, and tasteful gardens, but in what does them much more honour. Here is a large building, a little out of town on the Cork road, for the reception of vagrants, who are employed in useful occupations; an asylum for lunatics, and an Infirmary are annexed to it.—They are separate houses. To the principal building belong four courts, in each of which is a pump. Cleanliness, order, and regularity preside here. The situation is airy, and on an eminence whence the view of the river, mountains, trees, &c. awaken the sensations which Scott describes, when "Fitz-Eustace's heart felt closely pent." The Prison ceases to be the abode of disgust and terror to the spectator. It is clean throughout, and water forced up by a machine, supplies water-closets to the top. The windows are all glazed. The prisoners washed and shaved, and many exercising themselves in the courts, which are sufficiently spacious. None are fettered; but the galleries, along which are their cells, are well secured. The Court-house is a noble building.

Among the useful institutions in the town of Clonmel, there is a public library, which is yet in its infancy; a school for 200 girls, supported by charity; an establish-

ment for the relief of poor lying-in women; a dispensary—and in short, (for a limited stay prevented my being able to see and know all,) I believe nothing is omitted for the benefit of the community in general, in this respectable and affluent town.

L.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

IN this time of alarming appearance of scarcity, we are individually called upon to come forward with our mite, not only of pecuniary assistance, but of what advice may occur to us, tending to avert the dreadful calamity. It is said by a wise man, "In a multitude of counsellors there is safety," and it has also been experienced, that in a multitude of counsellors there is confusion. However, the discriminating eyes of the benefactors of the poor can select the offered sentiments according to their judgment. Liberal subscriptions are made in many places to purchase food, which is sometimes given, and sometimes sold at a cheap rate, to the most necessitous; but let the benevolent reflect whether the poor may not be most effectually assisted in time of scarcity by the opulent diminishing their own con-

sumption of the article used by the poor, in which scarcity is felt, using other things for their own tables, giving to those who are in want of food of a different kind, diminishing the oats given to horses, and by various other means.

The report of the Society for bettering the condition of the poor, and other publications of like tendency, afford variety of receipts for making soups at small expense. These claim the attention of all ranks, and the savings which may be made of the potato is a matter of great consequence. Before the potatoes are washed for boiling, a large number of eyes or buds may be procured daily, without rendering any one potato unfit for food. The top of the potato contains the best buds—cut this off, and one, two, or more sets can be obtained thus. The potato scoop also takes out the bud, and need not penetrate deeply. If this is universally attended to, previous to and during the time of planting potatoes, both present and future advantages (may we not add incalculable?) may be obtained thereby.

L.

An article which came in too late for its proper place among the Original Communications, will be found at the close of the Biography.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE DR. CURRIE OF LIVERPOOL.

JAMES CURRIE, M.D. was born at Kirkpatrick-Fleming in Dumfriesshire, on May 31st, 1756. His father was the established minister of that parish, whence he afterwards removed to that of Middlebie. Dr. Currie was an only son: he had six sisters. He received the rudiments of learning at

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the parish school of his native place, whence he was transferred to the grammar-school of Dumfries, one of the most reputable seminaries of the kind in Scotland. His original destination was for a commercial life, and he passed some years of his youth in Virginia in a mercantile station. Disliking this profession, and unwilling to be a witness of the im-

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